

## For the Children

### BY AND BY.

Is there a boy or is there a girl  
Who thinks "by and by" is just as well,  
When duty calls from pleasure away?  
Is it you, is it you—who can tell?

You were having fun with your doll,  
When your mamma called to you  
And asked your help. You gave no heed,  
Thinking "By and by will do."

You were reading a story, my lad,  
And I'm sure you can't deny  
You knew when your papa spoke.  
You thought, "Yes, by and by."

You ought to have pleasure and fun,  
But if duty calls, you must hear  
And answer at once. "By and by"  
Is never so well, my dear.

If you wish to succeed in life  
The motto "now" you must try;  
You will surely fail to win,  
If you trust in "by and by."

### DOT'S WORLD.

By L. M. Montgomery.

"Oh, dear me!" said Dot, crossly, "this is a horrid old world. It's the very worst world ever was!"

Aunt Meg smiled.

"I've been thinking it was a real nice world, Dot. What is the matter with it?"

"It rained all the morning," said Dot, "and I couldn't go down to play with Nellie; and I've nuffin to do, and I'm tired of all my books and games. Nobody pays any 'tention to me, and it's a horrid old world."

Aunt Meg laid down her work and looked seriously at seven-year-old Dot. Dot liked to have people look seriously at her, it made her feel so nice and grown up.

"I don't really think it is a horrid world, Dot," she said. "It is just the kind of world we make it. Would you like a recipe for making it a nice world?"

"'Course I would," said Dot, promptly.

"Then," said Aunt Meg, decidedly, "you must go and do things for other people."

"What things?" asked Dot, opening her eyes.

"Oh, I can't tell you that. You must find out what things for yourself."

"Are you in earnest?" demanded Dot.

"Indeed I am. Just try my recipe. You'll see that it will change your opinion about the world."

Privately Dot didn't believe it would. She wasn't at all sure she knew just what Aunt Meg meant, but she thought it over carefully as she went downstairs.

In the sitting-room she saw grandma getting ready to wind a skein of yarn over two chairs. Dot knew it made grandma's arms and rheumatic fingers ache to wind yarn; but Dot didn't like it, either, and she was just slipping out when she thought of what Aunt Meg had said. Was this what she meant?

"Grandma, I'll wind your yarn for you," she said.

And wind it she did. When it was done grandma gave her a kiss and a pineapple drop.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, dearie. You're a thoughtful little girl."

Dot slipped out to the kitchen, and there was Nora getting ready to bake a cake.

"Can't I seed those raisins for you, Nora?" she said.

"Shure, and it's meself that'll be obliged to yez if yez will," said Nora, heartily. "I've got forty other things to do this blessed afternoon. If ye'll seed the raisins for me, I'll bake yez two little patty-pans out of the cake for your doll-house."

"Where is Ethel?" said mamma, coming into the kitchen when the raisins were done. "I want her to amuse Bobby while I stitch up her shirt-waist."

"Ethel is busy doing her arithmetic for Monday," said Dot. "I'll play with Bobby, mamma."

So for an hour Dot played woolly bear and building house with two-year-old Bobby.

When Bobby fell asleep six-year-old Teddy strayed in with tears on his face.

"I tan't learn my letters," he sobbed.

"Oh, yes, you can," said Dot, brightly. "I'll help you. Come along, we'll go up to the hall window seat and find out all about them."

In half an hour's time Teddy had got his alphabet so well straightened out that he knew every letter in it. Then Dot ran down to the Corners and did an errand for Ethel, for the rain had stopped and the sun was shining gloriously. The flowers in Dot's garden plot were all wide open and fresh when she came back.

"I b'lieve I'll pick a bunch and take them down to old Mrs. Brown," said Dot to herself. "I know she likes flowers, and she hasn't any."

That evening Aunt Meg came into the little white bedroom where Dot had just gone to bed.

"Well, Dot, what do you think of the world now?" she asked merrily.

"It's a nice, splendid world," said Dot. "I'm ever so much obliged to you for your recipe, Aunt Meg, and I'm going to use it every day."—*Zion's Herald*.

### THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"Oh, Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets! When I draw it through the boards a while, it's 'most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think about?"

"No; what?" asked both boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarreling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked, the hotter their tempers grew, until there is no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on:

"There is an old proverb which says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.'"

"I tell you what, Frank," said Eddie, "when we find ourselves getting angry, let's run out and use the saw uncle brought me, and then we won't find time for the saw of contention."—*Christian Age*.